8

THE COPPY OF A LETTER

Sent from IOHN Lord FINCH, late Lord *Keeper*, to his Friend Dr. COZENS:

WITH

A Commemoration of the Favours Dr. *Cozens* Shewed him in his VICE-CHANCELLORSHIP.

UNTO

WVhich is annexed a good Admonition to PROTESTANTS.

Printed in the yeare 1641

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Dr. *Cozens*,

THe Quotidian familiarity of our Religion, did heretofore contabulate our mindes together, and did at this present time suggest mee to recall our affinity. And although the impetuous novercation of ambiguous Fortune, have digested you from that feare of Honour, to which you were promoted, yet I have not buried our former acquaintance in oblivion, but have beene very sensible of your misery. For you know I my selfe was subject to the same Destinie, and if I had stayed any longer, they would have put the poore *Finch* in the Cage, and have made me sing Prick-Song there, but I had more wit then to stay, for I did presuppose that there was a tempestuous storme arising. And kinde Doctor, if you had taken my course, you might have

have likewise escaped the danger that now hangs over your head. But I deplore the vicissitude of your malignant fate; yet I remember that Apothegmaticall sentence of the *Lyrian Horace*, *Vt sementem feceris, ita metes.* For had not you sowne such Antichristian seeds of Popish introduction into the Church, you should never have reaped this harvest of misery. For my part, I was Eagle-winged, and assoone as I perceived that Limetwigges were layd for me, I did erect my selfe, and by the expansion of my nimble wings escaped those snares into which you are fallen. But I beseech you Sir, let me recall our inveterate Counsell by the fresh recordation of memory: What, do's your Chappell retaine its former ornaments? Do's the Crucifixe remaine? and doe the Pictures, and graven Images adorne it still, as in my time? Do's the Altar stand still? or doe not *nefarious* persons wish you sacrificed thereon? Do's the Triple Crowne which you erected in Saint *Maries*, illustrate still the vulgar speculation? Sir, if the rumultuary imprecations of the Vulgar doe oppose you, yet macerate not your selfe, neither let passion conquer your captive thoughts; for tis a true Apologization, *Quod tibi facere non vis, alteri ne feceris.* But you did contaminate that sentence too much, by the unjust exulceration of Ecclesiasticall Innovations: Remember me to the Arch-bishop,

and desire him to put my good counsell in execution, that he shall Excommunicate both Houses, before they divorce him from his Spouse; but (alas) I feare his Cannons do requoile, and his Founders miscarrie, therfore let them be new Cast. Remember me likewise to Bishop *Wren*, and bid him straine for it, for he will be made to sing a note above *Elie*. Remember me likewise to *Kilbert* and *Abell*, who (I thinke) are grown weary of two pound in a Tun, but I thinke if their Hogsheads were pierced, that you would have wine at six-pence, and twelve-pence againe. Remember me to Iudge *Crawly*, and tell him that I wonder that *Noverint universi* should condemne him with such celerity. Remember me likewise to the Gentleman in the cut-finger Gloves, and let him know that I understand that *Calus noster venit ad non suite jam*. — Remember me to the Physitians, for they have strong stomakes, and can digest a summe without feare of prejudice of censorious Momus. Remember me to all Lawyers, and tell them that I understand their Obligation is contrary to their condition. I thinke their lines had some pernitious diseas either the running of the reines, or the French pox, for they straddled as wide as any French man. Remember me lastly to all the Taylers, and tell them that they have better luck then Pontifi-

clans, for they doe daily invent new fashions, and are commended for it, for which you are taxed. But loving Doctor, perhaps my pen doe seeme too remisse, wherefore I will contract my selfe in a compendiary Epitomy of my thankes unto you, for all your favours shewne mee since the last time I was at the Universitie, for letting me kisse the Virgin Maryes Picture, and the Popes-head, and for innumerable other Curtesies, all which if I should expresse, I should not only dilate my selfe in a too deveous expansion, but likewise transgresse the limits of your patience: therefore the few admonitions, and salubritie of Councel which I derove unto you briefly shal be these: First, That whither soever the tempestuous Winde hurrieth, you would remember to keepe your head warme. Secondly, Although you climed up to that Honour upon other mens necks, have a great care that you come downe with your own. Reject not my good Councell, neither contemne my affectionate desire. Thus beseeching you to see the Remembrance to my Friends fully executed, I commend you to Destinie, desiring you to accept the will of,

Your ingaged and obsequious friend
IOHN FINCH.

Good councel to PROTESTANTS.

SInce Pontificiats cannot have their plots,
Full executed (whom the righteous *Scots*
Doe utterly deteſt) ſince Papiſts all,
Shall by the ſacred ſword of Iuſtice fall;
Let *Proteſtants* Religion true profeſſe,
And fully from their impietie digreſſe:
For loe! Here *Baal's* irreligious Prieſts,
Nefarious Prelates, and all Atheiſts,
Are now abjected by the *Parliament*,
Whom GOD for Malefactors puniſhment,
Hath plouſly elected, and hath made (Trade,
Them Authors, Honeſt men that in their
May proſperouſly flouriſh from baſe fees,
Projects, and impious Monopolees,
With their exactions which did lately make,
The thred-bare Commons of the land to ſhak
Learne therefore by their puniſhment to hate,
All wicked Hereſie, which now of late,
Did overſpread the Church, with Cannons
With Ceremonies, and a Popiſh face, (baſe,
Of Innovations, but to him above,
Be thankes immortall to Tri-une *Iehove*;
Let us extoll his all-diſpoſing power,
Who all our enemies will thus devoure.

Falſe

False Iesuits repent, false Prelates mourne,
False Doctors bowle, who heretofor did scorne
True Doctrine, bewayl the numerous crimes
Which ye did introduce in former times:
But to the Protestant this I will say,
Prophets and Teachers false do not obey;
Confirme thy faith, and then if Envy durst
Presume to snarle, let envy snarle her worst;
Yet still confirme thy faith, and do not yeeld,
As a weake Coward to her sanguine field.
Stand firme: do, let her fret, fume, fome & fall,
Stark mad, yet stand thou firm, whilst in her gall
Of malice the base Bedlam taint & stink
In her polluted and contagious sinke
Of all iniquitie, if she chance to harme,
Thy stedfastnesse, yet stand thou still more firm.
For God who pulleth down each wicked shrine
Will set up true Religion more divine.

FINIS.

THE COPPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO THE LOWER HOVSE OF PARLIAMENT TOUCHING DIVERS GRIEVANCES AND INCONVENIENCES OF THE STATE &c.

LONDON
Printed by *Iohn Dawson* for *Thomas Walkley*,
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